

LITERARY THE TABLET.

DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF EDUCATION, LITERATURE, MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, POETRY, &c. &c.

Vol. II.

New Haven, Con., Saturday, July 20, 1833.

No. 8.

Original Communications.

For the Tablet.

The Moral Sense.

The moral code is a rule of action for voluntary agents. It embraces certain immutable principles, which apply to all moral action, whether it be that of the Infinite Agent, or of inferior agents. It exists in the necessary and eternal constitution of things—it is written on every page of the record of eternal ages. This perfect code sprang not from the will of any being; but the existence and invincible obligation of its precepts, have ever been subjects of the Divine consciousness. Its principles are, emphatically, *eternal*; for they originated, not in the councils of the Godhead, but strictly and literally in the councils of eternity. Their existence is cognized by the ministering intelligences about the universal throne; and these bend their wills to this unchanging standard of rectitude.

Perhaps it is suggested, that the laws of matter must then be considered as co-existent with the laws of morals. Let us see whether this is entitled to the weight of an objection:—When the material universe was created, certain laws were instituted to govern its operations, (for this is an *active* universe;) these laws were merely the application of certain abstract *principles*, as for instance, the principles of attraction and repulsion, which were *applied* to regulate the motions of the heavenly bodies; these *principles* had been eternally cognized by the Infinite mind, and of course must have always had a species of existence, (for there are existences which are not substantive but merely imaginative.) But does not this doctrine make the principles which are applied to the laws of matter, in effect, the creatures of necessity? Perhaps it does; but does this limit the divine attributes? No; these attributes may still be infinite: God may be infinitely intelligent, and yet this intelligence may be based upon principles which did not *originate* in the Divine Mind. The First Cause is the eternal offspring of necessity; and as to the Divine Intelligence, every drop in that vast ocean proceeds from the same fountain. Does the objection, then, that the laws of matter must be eternal, defeat our position? It rather establishes it than otherwise; for it exhibits to our view, the sublime spectacle

of two distinct codes of laws, subsisting in the moral and physical constitution of things, and spread out in the view of intelligent beings, as objects of study and contemplation. No one believes, that every principle which is treasured in the Divine Mind, is applied by the Divine will, although God's works are so extended and vast. Consequently, there must be eternal physical principles, which have no more of a substantive existence, or visible application, than the principles of the moral code.—There are supposed to exist an infinite range of principles, which are yet unrevealed in the Divine operations.

It may perchance be said, that the moral code is a rule for the regulation of the *intercourse* between moral agents; and that before intelligent beings were created, there was only *One* moral or Free Agent, in being—even the great God; and consequently no law was necessary for the guide of His conduct. To this I answer, first, that although the Godhead is one and indivisible, yet, as it comprehends three distinct Persons, some law must be necessary to regulate the intercourse between these persons; and the law that does *positively* regulate and has always regulated this intercourse, is the great and fundamental law of **LOVE**: and secondly, that had the existence of the Deity had a beginning, the very instant when the light of Omnipotence burst upon the dark regions of infinitude, the Divine mind would have perceived the abstract existence of the principles of the moral law.

Thus one proposition seems to assume a firmer basis than mere speculation without *reason* to sustain it. We may presume to read the bright characters of moral truth, and the lessons of moral obligation, on the broad arch of heaven; and to consult the moral fitness of things for the rule of free action.

Conscience, or the moral sense, is a mental perception of the existence of these principles. It is not, strictly and solely, an intellectual attribute, but is literally an instinctive moral sensation. This ground does not favor the doctrine of the innateness of ideas; for the distinctions of right and wrong are not perceived till the will is required to make *choice* of a determined course of action. When a man is urged by constitutional self-love to perform a certain act, this agent assures him of the essential

character of the act, and he is thus at liberty to choose or refuse to do it. Thus the suggestions of conscience, (as I have intimated in a former essay) establishes a moral lever, whose office is, to excite men to right moral action. The principles of the code of morals are not capable of being demonstrated with mathematical precision; but when men speak of the radical character of an act, they say that it is *manifestly* right or wrong,—that is, that it is against conscience. To remedy this uncertainty, every created moral agent is endowed with a sort of moral sensation, which prompts him to shrink from evil acts, and incites him to the commission of those which are good. Thus the lamp of truth burns brightly in the soul, lit up by fire from off the altar at which angels offer the sacrifice of obedience and rectitude. Conscience is the law of God revealed in the soul,—written, not with the pen of inspired *men*, but with the finger of a creating God.

Thus we perceive that there are two systems of laws in man's constitution, as a moral agent,—the one exciting to the preference of self, and the other prompting to the benevolent regard of all beings equally,—the one tending to make man a very brute, and the other striving to exalt him to the dignity of an angel. **REFLECTOR.**

For the Tablet.

To M.

When sorrow's blight was o'er me flung,
And Hope receded from my view,
When darkness o'er my pathway hung,
Then all forsook me,—all but you!

When pain and woe, oppressed me sore,
And friends, alas! had proved untrue,
Friends that were kind in days of yore,—
Then all forsook me,—all but you!

When grief had gnawed my aching heart,
And joy forever from me flew,
When fate had winged her keenest dart,
Then all forsook me,—all but you!

You, you alone, to me wert kind,
And would my troubled bosom cheer,
Your arms around my neck were twin'd,
And softly staid the falling tear.

Yes, when the world had prov'd a cheat,
And Friendship but an empty name,
When every joy had lost its sweet,—
I found thee, dear one, still the same.

Thy faithful breast no change could know,
Though fortune's frown was dark and chill,
For love outlives misfortune's blow,
And nothing short of death can kill.

LEANDER.

For the Tablet.

Extracts from the Diary of a Student.—No. 1.**SOLITUDE—A FRAGMENT.**

* * * * * A love of solitude and the richly varied scenery of Nature, has ever been a prominent characteristic of those distinguished for genius and acquirements. They too have found the conserments of knowledge have not placed them in the midst of unmixed pleasure—that the honors they enjoyed were those of passing beauty, brilliant for awhile but uncertain of continuance. Retirement has therefore been their choice. They have fled to it as a refuge from surrounding cares and troubles—have divested themselves of the glittering ornaments of a world's creation, and viewed man as he is, and the motives of his actions. They have sought for the charms of Nature—have wandered through her forests, reclined in her groves, spent a few short hours of meditation on themselves and others, and again returned to mingle in the scenes of active life. Others there have been too, who pained by the failure of their fondest hopes, and disgusted with the vices that chequered the fair visions they had pictured of a world's felicity—fled forever from the charms it offered to a misanthropic exile. They sought for the pleasures of solitude, but they sought in vain. They withdrew from the objects that had caused their hatred, but they carried in their bosoms eternal hatred. Enemies to their fellow men! the charms of solitude had no alleviation for their sorrows.

Solitude consists in no gloomy seclusion. It teaches its votaries no sullen neglect of man or contempt of life—it steels not his soul to the misfortunes of another, nor harrows up the heart with wretchedness. No! the actions that it prompts to are different in their nature. It teaches man by reflection to avoid the follies he has committed and to derive instruction from the faults of others. It is open to the wants of all, and bids them seek within it a happiness unmixed with care—unfailing pleasure. The poet who soars to the distant regions of fancy—who traverses the land of his own imagination, loves to wander in the retirements of nature and gaze upon her beauties. The vallies that she spreads before him are his consecrated dwellings—and the mountains that tower around him, the fortresses of his entrenchment. Earth has no bond to hold him! His adventurous spirit bursts from the chains and bondage of the world to travel the universe of nature in quest of new discoveries. The christian too, is pre-eminently the child of solitude and retirement. He delights in meditating, afar from the perplexing cares of man, on the by-gone actions of his life, and on preparation for the future. He can walk

"Through nature up to nature's God"—

Can gaze upon the rich bounties she spreads before him, with reverence and love. Not

a breeze floats over him but whispers in its passage—Christian you have another trial and of sorrow. Pass through it in reliance on a Christian's hope and the darkness that now envelopes you shall be lost in the brilliancy of Heaven.

For the Tablet.

The Callithumpian Serenade.

Wake, lady! hear'st thou not the stream Of rich melifluous music that ascends upon The quiet, calm, cool midnight air, And hasten to greet thy ear with pure seraphic melody?

Methinks, thou little fairy, that thine ear wast Never taught to catch the warblings of Parnaman lutes,

Else wouldst thou be so tardy in thy zeal To give us welcome meet. Hark! love—The fiddle's scream So nicely blended with the rapturous notes that Breathe from out the stage-horn's silvery throat—The kettle-drum—the tin pan's martial beat, and the shrill wooden whistle's cadence, mingling with Trumpet's and with bugle's breath, are sounds that Might entranse a Peri's daughter. Wak'st thou not?

Upon my life, there is no music in thy soul, If thou can't slumber on in apathy, Unconscious of our pains to please thy beauteous ear.

Hear'st not the yell, the last of Pagannini's touches The "musical discord, the sweet thunder" that rolls forth Amid the pauses of the tin-horn's breath, and kettle's clang?

* * * * * Not yet awake? Why, at the first strain beneath your window poured, the house-dog bark'd—and e'en Grimalkin,

And her purring tribe, made such congratulations That our ears were well nigh deafened.

* * * * * But, hark, the window ope's—My love! thou hear'st the melody Of music, made to please thy ear; receive it as an offering

To virtue and to beauty, by thy enraptured slave.

* * * * * Take care there,—mind what you do throw upon us

In your wrath. We did not think so common and Polite an act, as that of serenading with sweet music

One's love, would draw such ire, such heavy Brick bats from the hands of those we deem'd Our friends. I say, Ronaldo, never mind that broken

Head of yours—'twas gain'd you know, in seeking Smiles from ladies fair; and henceforth, if they choose,

They'll please to make their own rich music.

CALLITHUMPIAS.

For the Tablet.

A Fragment.

I saw him stand at evening's silent hour, beside her grave—a mournful monument of wretchedness and woe. His thin gray locks were dancing lightly in the passing breeze, as sigh on sigh heaved from his agonizing breast. His brow was worn with care and sorrow; and his sunken eye proclaimed that wretchedness was his. I gazed upon him, and my heart did ache at the contemplation of his woe.

Once that poor abject wretch was young—was gay and happy: fortune and friends were his, and every joy beside. His youthful bride's fond smile fell on his heart in all its magic witchery, and like a genial sunbeam, chased all sorrow thence. One daughter fair was his, "sweet as her mother's beauty," and faultless as an angel's dream. She was his heart's fond treasure; yea, his idol, and dearer far than Brazil's diamond bright, or Peru's yellow ore. All loved to look upon her, for she was comely to the sight, and passing beautiful. But O! the fell seducer spread his cursed toils and the lovely tower of virtue fell.

* * * * * The dance is still—the merry song of joy is hushed; and lo! the sable pall waves o'er the lifeless corse of her who once was light and buoyant as the robin's wing. The perfidy of man hath blighted all her youthful hopes of happiness, now the cold and silent grave is all the friend she claims. The grave—how fearful is its calm; how undisturbed its holy quiet. There sorrow comes not to molest the tenant's tranquil rest from earthly strife and wretchedness. Each night as sinks the sun beneath the western wave, yon trembling form is seen to bend in sorrow o'er the grave of her who once was all that made this life worth living for. Ah! did he think that she in whom his life was wrapt, whom so he idolized, would in so short a time be summoned hence forever? No, he had hoped to spend with her long years of happiness, and when his earthly course was run, he thought that if her gentle hand might close his aged eyes, then he could die in peace. But now that hope is blasted, and his way is dark and comfortless. His partner, too, she who had helped him in his day of grief and trial, sank underneath this giant weight, and he is left to mourn his wretched fate alone.

Yet long thou wilt not mourn, gray headed man, for soon, poor aged object of my pity, thy cares shall have an end. A few more days of toil and strife, and then thou too shalt rest from earthly sorrows in the long and silent sleep of death, beside the forms of those whom thou didst love so well.

CLIFFORD.

Adam Clarke.

The following epitaph on this distinguished divine, is selected from the writings of W. B. Baker, a gentleman who has furnished many good productions for the English periodical press, but none better than this.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

"Fame took her pencil, on the marble traced,
In characters too deep to be effaced,
"Here ends the pilgrimage of ADAM CLARKE—
His ashes rest in hope; the vital spark,
That sprung immortal from the fount of light,
To its Divine Original took flight.
Go, reasoning sceptic, and review the page,
Memorial of his worth, for half an age,
Trace the long record, not one impious blot
Pollutes a line that he would wish forgot.
Wouldst thou bequeath a name as purely free?
Live, think, speak, work, die, for eternity!
"Twas thus he lived, and died; him none attaint,
In life an oracle, in death a saint."

Miscellaneous.

From the Medley.

My Sister's Grave.

" Yet ah!—and let me lightly tread!—
She sleeps beneath this stone,
That would have sooth'd my dying bed,
And wept for me when gone."

The grave! that lone refuge from earth's troubles—that last resting place of life below, how alluring and yet how awful!—The unbroken, holy silence of the grave! Who, that has not wished it in the hours of anguish and misfortune! Who, that has not sought it amidst the cares, the perplexities, the agonies of life! The warnings and instructions of the grave! How true, how forcible, how lasting! They arrest us in our hours of joy, and whisper that our pleasures cannot be immortal. They come in the periods of suffering and sorrow, to cheer and console us. They are heard too in the darker moments of passion and of crime, recalling the misguided soul from the labyrinths of error, and thundering forth the anathemas of Death, *eternal death against the guilty.*

I have ever experienced a sort of melancholy pleasure in wandering amidst the mansions of the dead; in contemplating the varied prospects of those who repose within its bosom; in retracing—although it be in fancy—the joys and misfortunes of their lives. I summon as it were, around me, the spirits of the departed—the beings of another world, stamped with the impress of eternity. They seem like the guardian angels of our existence, enlightening with the beams of truth the misty vale of life; alluring from the rugged course of sin to the gentle path of virtue, and enforcing every precept by their own example. Yes! the grave has many a warning for the gay and thoughtless of the world. Its vast congregation is composed of thousands, differing widely in character and prospects.—There lies the child of Avarice. Thou who wouldst follow his footsteps—go gaze upon him now. The tomb has become his portion. The grasp of Death has torn him from his hoarded riches, to be forgotten in the grave. There too sleeps the gifted victim of Ambition. Where now are the proud aspirings of his grasping soul? Gone, and gone forever!—

" He sleeps forgetful of his once bright fame;
He has no feeling of the glory gone;
He has no eye to catch the mounting flame,
That once in transport drew his spirit on;
He lies in dull, oblivious dreams, nor cares
Who the wreathed laurel bears."

He too has entered on eternity. The grave has its lessons of instructions for those of each degree—for the humble and the proud—for those who are separated from each other by the distinction of poverty and riches—for those of every age and station. There repose the young and beautiful—the loved, the adored ones of our hearts—those whom we have cherished with a parent's, brother's, sister's or a husband's

fondness—they too have left us in our pilgrimage. We have stood, perhaps, beside them in their hours of suffering and pain; have endeavored to alleviate with kindness the few agonizing moments that remained of life—to unite again the scattered fragments of existence. But alas! we have found it all in vain. Even when hope was present to strengthen our exertions, and we fondly fancied Death had given up his victim—even then the spirit was preparing for its homeward flight, and lingering but for an instant in its wasting easement of mortality. A little while and all was over. We followed to the tomb the remains of those we loved, and returned in the loneliness of desolation, to weep for and lament them. It is indeed in sorrow we have learned that the flowers of earth cannot blossom in the grave: that their beauties wither there.—But even these afflictions may not have been without their blessings. It may be that we needed them to humble the arrogance of pride; to break through the adamantine barrier prosperity had reared around our hearts—to teach us that we too were mortal.

* * * * *

In the church-yard of my native village, beneath a neat and simple monument, lie the moldering remains of one who was long the companion of my childhood. She has now descended to the tomb. The clod of the valley has grown green over the place of her repose—the wild winds of heaven have swept over the grave of the gifted and beautiful, and nought remains to soothe the anguish of my heart but the recollection of her virtues—the assurance that her soul is now at rest in a happier, purer sphere.—She was my only sister—the last, the warmest friend of my youthful years, and in tears of bitter agony have I wept for her departure. I am now indeed *alone*, deserted by those who loved me,—a wretched orphan in the voyage of life, with none to guide my wanderings, to sympathize in my misfortune, to pity and protect me. I have not one bosom now to which I can impart my sorrows and my hopes—to which I can fly as a refuge even for a little moment, till the wildest fury of the storm is over, and I have learned to bear the thought of utter desolation. Father and mother, brother and sister, I have followed to the tomb. One by one they have left the scenes of earth, and have carried my best affections with them to the grave.

Of my father and brother I remember little, but my mother I never shall forget. She has ever been vividly present to my mind. Memory, as it wanders over the thousand incidents which have chequered my existence, fastens upon many a memorial of her affection. I go back again to the few first joyful years of life—to the Eden-land of childhood with its scenes of happiness, exquisite and unalloyed, but alas! the retrospection is now a source of anguish. Of her who once cherished and caressed me, nought but the remembrance remains. I have many, perhaps, who

would call themselves my friends—but in sorrow have I learned the worth of friendship. It is beautiful and alluring in theory—but alas! it fails in practice. It is not enduring—a brilliant meteor that dazzles for a moment, then leaves us to lament its loss in the obscurity which follows. And what is friendship when compared with a mother's fervent, all-absorbing love? Will it stand the test of time? Will it be ours in pain as well as pleasure? Will it cheer us in the heart-rending moments of misfortune and disgrace? Will it attend us throughout life, and sympathize in all our feelings? Alas! experience has taught me otherwise. I have sought for the promised aid of friendship and found it not. There has been many an hour—many a bitter and despairing hour in the dark scene of my past existence, when I would have given worlds, had I possessed them, for one heart that truly loved me—for one bosom into which I could pour the burdened fullness of my breast—for a friend that would have offered one wish of kindness. But a mother's love! It is holy, pure, eternal! The vicissitudes of earth cannot affect it. Year after year may roll over us, but it still remains unaltered. It comes under a thousand different aspects, and is with us in every condition of our lives. When the world seems fair and alluring, and the heart is going forth to fasten on enjoyment, it is present to enhance our pleasures. In the lone hour of anguish and desolation, when the care-worn frame is apparently sinking to its final rest, and the blasting winds of sorrow are sweeping over the soul, it appears a beautiful Oasis, blooming amidst the wilderness of deserted hope—a sacred and secure retreat where the weary may repose in safety, and the dying live.

* * * * *

Death, under whatever form he comes, is undoubtedly the King of Terrors. He traverses, with an indiscriminating step, through the verdant garden of youth, the harvest field of manhood and the dark forest of age. From which of these his victim will be singled, it is beyond the power of mortals to determine. With many, very many of the world, his coming is unexpected and his presence feared. But there are, and ever have been, wearied, mourning spirits upon earth—lingering on in misery and woe, sighing for another and a better world, for whom death has no anguish.—Such an one was thine, my adored, my sainted mother! Misfortune after misfortune had sundered every tie that bound thee to existence—thy path on earth was strewed with many a thorn, and the grave was a refuge from thy troubles. Death had for thee no terrors—it was but the ushering in of a happy and peaceful rest—the entrance to the realms of heaven.

Well do I remember the scene of my mother's death. It was stamped upon my mind in agony, and can never be effaced. I had long known that she must die. I had watched the insidious pilferings of disease,

and trembled at her nearness to the tomb. I had summoned reason to my aid, but alas! how weak its consolations! Many and fervent had been the petitions I had offered for her restoration. It was nearly midnight when I was summoned to her chamber. The violence of her disorder was over, and she seemed as peaceful and as happy as ever in the days of health. Nature had cased from the conflict, and I felt that a few short moments only were allotted her on earth. I knelt down by her bed-side. I would have spoken, but my heart was nigh to bursting. "Oscar, dearest Oscar," said my dying mother, "I feel that I must leave you soon. I am going to a better and a holier world than this, and I hope I am submissive. Long and cruel has been the struggle in my heart between the calls of heaven and the claims of earth, but I feel that I am conquered now. I have watched over you from childhood—have participated in all your joys, and endeavored to alleviate your sorrows—but we must be parted now. It is useless to repine. God will watch over you, my dearest son, when you have no mother, and will conduct you safely in your wanderings through the world. Remember to love and protect your sister. She is the only being who is left you upon earth. Guard her then with care. Be near to comfort and sustain her in the hour of trouble, and may heaven comfort and sustain you both." She paused for a moment. I gazed upon her—she was gone.

Ella had now reached her fourteenth year. She had been my sole companion since my mother's death, and faithfully had I endeavored to fulfil the wishes that were then expressed. She had grown up eminently beautiful and lovely. I have sat for hours gazing upon her, when she knew it not, tracing at each successive moment some new resemblance to my departed mother. Intellectuality was instamped on every feature. It shone out in the commanding glance of her deep black eye, telling of the high wrought sensibilities within. It was shadowed forth in each varied expression of her countenance.

"Around her brow the light of thought
Was like an angel's diadem;
For genius, as a living coal,
Had touch'd her lip and heart with flame,
And on the altar of her soul
The fire of inspiration came."

Her's was indeed a lofty and richly gifted mind. And happy, truly happy, was it that so rare and exquisite a blessing had been granted her to sooth the sorrows of existence. Where else could she have looked for comfort? To the endearments of affection? Alas! those that loved her were removed from earth. To the gay, the giddy and the trifling world? Misfortune had estranged her from it. She had learned to worship at the shrine of nature—to admire her beauties and to seek for her retirements.

"She loved the earth—the streams that wind
Like music from its hills of green—
The stirring boughs above them twined—
The shifting light and shade between:—
The fall of waves—the fountain gush—
The sigh of winds—the music heard
At eventide, from air and bush—
The minstrelsy of leaf and bird."

How often have I wandered with her at the silent hour of evening, to our mother's tomb. It was a place for undisturbed and holy musing. There, in the lone solitude of night, afar from the pleasures of the heartless and the proud, have we breathed forth the aspirations of our throbbing hearts. And never, no never, has it failed to calm us—to stay the torrent of passion that was bearing us astray—to render us submissive to our lot. In many a wild moment of excited feeling, when error was subverting the throne of reason, and discontent was drawing out the spirit to murmur and repine, have our thoughts reverted to our mother's grave. We have remembered her suffering and patience, her trials and endurance, till resignation has returned to aid us, and hope has again been present to light up the darkness of our wanderings.

* * * * *

It is said that excess of happiness is
"deadlier far
Than keenest shaft which stern misfortune bears."

I believe it to be true. It excites and elevates the heart only to render its sufferings more poignant—to steep it in a hell of woes. It was so with me. Time, with its soothing influence, had been present to soften down the rougher shades of grief, and tranquility was again returning to my soul. There were moments, it is true, when thought would travel back over the waste of blighted prospects, and remembrance would often linger around my parents' tomb. But the bitterness of murmuring was gone. It was a gentle, chastened, sacred sorrow which remained. The void of my heart was fast filling up with the tender love which I bore my sister. She had now become my inseparable companion. We wandered forth together to seek the pleasures of retirement, and innumerable were our rambles over the lofty mountains, or amidst the rich enameled valleys, which composed the gorgeous scenery of my native village.

* * * * *

It was near the close of a beautiful mid-summer day. Not a sound disturbed the sacred calmness of the scene—not a cloud was floating in the wide expanse of vision. It seemed like the repose of nature—like the happy, peaceful moments of the world above. Many a beam of brightness was shooting across the rich blue of the western sky,

"And sunset—far and gorgeous hung
A banner from the walls of heaven,
A wave of living glory flung
Along the shadowy verge of even."

I had long been gazing on the grandeur of the scene. Imagination was exciting

every passion of my soul. It was bursting from the impotent control of earth, and wandering off to purer and brighter regions.—Now, I was revelling in fancy on the "flowery meads" of ocean, watching the sea-gems that sparkled in its bosom, lighting up the caverns of the deep—where

"Far below in the peaceful sea
The purple mullet and gold fish rove
Where the waters murmur tranquilly
Through the binding twigs of the coral grove."

Again I was roaming over the wide extended arch of heaven—traveling from star to star, and listening to the music of the spheres. I wandered on and on to the mansions of the blessed. I stood before the throne of God. I mingled with the angel-choir, chanting the minstrelsy of heaven. Earth! it was forgotten. I had passed its sorrows—purified and disenthralled, I had reached my final home.

* * * * *

And where was Ella? Hers was a soul fitted to participate in all these pleasures—to add even new enchantment to the spell that bound me. I sought and found her at my mother's grave. She was weeping.

"I have come to be with you, dearest Ella, for I knew that you were here."

"It is indeed, my brother, a place hallowed by the fondest recollections, and often have I sought it in my hours of sorrow. It is here that I am accustomed to retire as a refuge from the cares and anxieties of earth, to give loose to the feelings of my soul in the solitude of nature. I have found here all the little happiness I ever have enjoyed. I am a strange and melancholy creature—wondered at perhaps or pitied by those around me, and yet I would not resign one fleeting hour of romance for all the boasted pleasures of the world. These moments are a treasure to my heart. They seem like beautiful bowers, scattered along the rugged path of life, into which the wearied traveler may turn and rest him for a little season. The garlands I have woven may not be immortal, it is true but may they flourish till I shall have gazed upon their beauties and descended to the tomb. There let them fade and perish. They will hallow the recollection of the dead—they will hide me from the world. I have often been called an imaginative being. It is true I am so. Imagination! how sublime and beautiful its visions! They steal over my soul, in these hours of contemplation, like the lone breathings of angel-music, rousing into action the hidden and the nobler passions of the heart. They come, as it were, from a fair and distant land—a realm of peace and happiness—to shadow forth its beauties and allure me to them. And yet the scenes that I once sought for with eagerness can afford but little pleasure to me now. I love better to gaze upon nature in the decay and extinction of her charms, than when arrayed in all her loveliness—to look forth upon the firmament and behold the bright eyes of heaven one after another dimmed and departing, and darkness, impenetrable darkness, settling on

the world. It seems like drawing nearer to the confines of eternity. I know not how it is, but I feel that I shall linger but a little while on earth. Often, often do I fancy that I hear the gentle voice of my mother borne on every breeze that floats around me---calling off my spirit to the mansions of the blessed. I too shall soon be there, and you---you, my dearest brother, we shall not be parted long. And oh! if it is given to the beings of the other world to mingle in the scenes of this, I shall still be near you ---present to console and cheer you, as you struggle onward---to watch over and direct your way. And when fear and sorrow shall be nearly past---when the cords of life are breaking in the grasp of death, and the channels of existence are drying up forever I will come in kindness to smooth your passage to the grave."

* * * * *

I am not naturally superstitious. I would have shaken off the gloom even of that sacred hour, but I felt that she had spoken truth, and soon, alas! how bitterly, I realized my fears. Death had claimed her as his own, and e'er another sunset she was gone forever.

She sleeps beside my mother,
Beautiful, devoted Ella! Angel companion of my solitude! thou has left the scenes of earth and returned to thy native heaven. Thou hast left me, indeed, desolate---a lonely pilgrim, wandering on to seek a refuge from misfortune. But thou art happy---happy in release from suffering---happy in the intercourse of those who loved thee, mingling now in adoration at the throne of God. When, oh when, shall the grave become my portion, and my spirit meet with thine?

THRESWOLL.

Friendship.

How blest the hours we spent with those,
Who mantled in affection's form,
Stripped of the cold neglect that blows,
Amidst life's cheerless storm.

There Friendship holds its iron throne,
Sincerity—dwells there,
Oh with sweet friends I'm not alone,
Nor do I feel a care.

Then let the world's gay visions go,
They're bright—but still are brief,
Give me the friend who feels your woe,
And strives to give relief.

Who when the world in darkness frowns,
And all are lost most dear,
When nought but trouble here abounds,
Your friend stands firm and near.

A BEGGER some time ago applied for alms at the door of a partisan of the Anti-begging Society. After in vain detailing his manifold sorrows, the inexorable gentleman peremptorily dismissed him. 'Go away, go, we canna gie ye naething.' 'You might at least,' replied the mendicant, with an air of arch dignity, 'have refused me grammatically.'

Why is the tolling of a bell like the prayer of a hypocrite? Because it is a solemn sound from a thoughtless tongue.

From the Metropolitan. Likes and Beliefs. A SKETCH.

I like to think, because it shows that one is independent; and I like idleness, because it shows that one can afford it. I like to read a good book, because there is some chance of getting at plunder; and I like a bad book, because it shows one's own superiority; and I like fat and ignorant people for the same reason.

"Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look,
He thinks too much—such men are dangerous."

I like exclusiveness, because it is a proof, that cannot be gainsayed, of a genteel education; and I like liberality, particularly if it be at the expense of others. I like orthodoxy, because I am not given to blunders; and I like Dissenters, because they furnish matter for controversy, as well as an opportunity for showing a charitable disposition. I like persecution, because I have a tolerable quantity of spleen to vent upon its advocates; and I like "civil and religious liberty all over the world," because it is generally toasted in full chorus, and is accompanied with cordials for the stomach. I like metaphysics, because they are mysterious—because the unintelligible and the absurd seem to me marching somewhither with a vengeance! and I like political economy, because it talks about wealth, "about it and about it." And why should I like it because it talks about wealth? Just in the same manner, and just for the same reason, as I should like to see the comet. It is to me, at least, who am but a fraction of the British community,—"the illustrious stranger."

Pass me now from likes to beliefs, and I still feel myself, gentle reader, to be the "Proteus" of your creeds, as well as your talents. I believe, with the author of the article "Antiquities," in the Encyclopaedia Britannica, that the ancient religion was well adapted to satisfy the cravings of the imagination; and I believe with Plato, in his poetical republic, that its gods were such as could not with decency be admitted into a virtuous community. I believe with the ancient philosophers, who drew up nothing but quicksand, that Truth is to be found at the bottom of a well; and I believe, with the modern retailers of wisdom, that she crieth in the streets and proclaimeth herself upon the house-tops. I believe, with Bentham, that it is far more important that other people should know what I think, than that I should know what other people think; and I believe, with all modern professors of the critical art,

"That index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of Science by the tail."

I believe, with Hobbes, that all government is nothing but coercion; and I believe with Bentham, that all law is an infraction of liberty, and that they who preach independence, are sure of being listened to. I believe, with the same writer, that legislation, as a science, is based upon an accurate

and extensive knowledge of human nature; and I believe with his translator, Dumont, that it is difficult to teach it in any country where you can find masters sooner than disciples. I believe, with the Tories, that self-preservation is one of our primary and most important instincts, and I believe with the Destructives, that a general plunder would be something like "giving a benefit" to a *sans-culotte* who might happen to be shifty. I believe with the Radicals that it is a bitter joke to be kept at bay, after a glorious victory, by men who have fought with you in the same regiment; and I believe with the Whigs that there is a *juste milieu* in all things, and that to get rid of inconvenient friends, who wish to

"Keep up the row they had previously kicked," is equally difficult and desirable. Finally, I believe with all the modern *illuminati*, that reason is gradually perfectionating itself, and that the world is approximating to its grand climacteric; and, on the other hand, I believe with Sir Thomas Carlyle, of the "Edinburgh Review," that wisdom is not of yesterday, that the ancients invented glass which the moderns find hard enough to grind into spectacles, and that the march of intellect is like that of a spavined horse, "all action and no go."

Summer Wind.

BY BRYANT.

It is a sultry day; the sun has drank
The dew that lay upon the morning grass;
There is no rustling in the lofty elm
That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint
And interrupted murmur of the bee,
Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
Instantly on the wing. The plants around
Feel the too potent fervors; the tall maize
Rolls up its long green leaves; the clover droops
Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms.
But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,
With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,
As if the scorching heat and dazzling light
Were but an element they loved. Bright clouds,
Motionless pillars of the brazen heaven,—
Their bases on the mountains—their white tops
Shining in the far ether,—fire the air
With a reflected radiance, and make turn
The gazer's eye away. For me, I lie
Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,
Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,
Retains some freshness, and I woo the wind
That still delays its coming. Why so slow,
Gentle and volatile spirit of the air?
O come, and breathe upon the fainting earth
Coolness and life. Is it that in his caves
He hears me? See, on yonder woody ridge,
The pine is bending his proud top, and now,
Among the nearer groves, chesnut and oak
Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes!
Lo where the grassy meadow runs in waves!
The deep distressful silence of the scene
Breaks up with mingling of unnumbered sounds
And universal motion. He is come,
Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs,
And bearing on their fragrance; and he brings
Music of birds and rustling of young boughs,
And sound of swaying branches, and the voice
Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs
Are stirring in his breath; a thousand flowers,
By the road-side and the borders of the brook,
Nod gayly to each other; glossy leaves
Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew
Were on them yet; and silver waters break
Into small waves, and sparkle as he comes.

Tale from the German.

In that beautiful part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble castle, which, as you travel on the western banks of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the grove of trees about as old as itself. About forty years ago there lived in that castle a noble gentleman, whom we call Baron —. The baron had only one son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's land.

It happened on a certain occasion that, this young man being from home, there came a French gentleman to see the baron. As soon as this gentleman came into the castle, he began to talk of his Heavenly Father in terms that chilled the old man's blood! on which the baron reproved him, saying, "Are you not afraid of offending God who reigns above, by speaking in such a manner?"

The gentleman said that he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen him.

The baron did not notice at this time what the gentleman said, but the next morning took him about his castle and ground, and took occasion first to show him a very beautiful picture that hung on the wall.

The gentleman admired the picture very much; and said, "Whoever drew this picture, knows very well how to handle his pencil."

"My son drew that picture," said the baron.

"Then your son is a very clever man," replied the gentleman.

The baron then went with his visitor into the garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers and plantations of forest trees.

"Who has the ordering of this garden?" asked the gentleman.

"My son," replied the baron; "he knows every plant, I may say from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."

"Indeed," said the gentleman, "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The baron then took him into the village, and showed him a small neat cottage, where his son had established a school, and where he caused all young children who had lost their parents, to be received and nourished at his own expense.

The children in the house looked so innocent and so happy, that the gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle, he said to the baron, "what a happy man you are to have so good a son."

"How do you know I have so good a son?"

"Because I have seen his works, and I know that he must be both good and clever if he has done all that you have shown me."

"But you have never seen him."

"No, but I know him very well, because I judge of him by his works."

"You do! and now please to draw near this window and tell me what you observe."

"Why, I see the sun travelling through

the sky, and shedding its glories over one of the finest countries in the world; and I behold a mighty river at my feet, and a vast range of woods. I see pasture-grounds, and orchards, and vineyards; and cattle and sheep feeding in green fields; and many thatched cottages scattered here and there."

"And do you see any thing to be admired in all this? Is there any thing pleasant, or lovely, or cheerful in all that is spread before you?"

"Do you think that I want common-sense? or that I have lost the use of my eyes? my friend," said the gentleman, somewhat angrily, "that I should not be able to relish the charms of such a scene as this?"

"Well, then," said the baron. "If you are able to judge of my son's good character by seeing his good works, which are poor and imperfect, how does it happen that you form no judgment of the goodness of God, by witnessing such wonders of his handy works as are now before you? Let me never hear you, my good friend, again say that you know not God, unless you would have me suppose that you have lost the use of your senses." — *N. Y. Mirror.*

From the *Metropolitan*.

Dirge.

She is gone to the land of the blest,
From her prison of sorrow and night;
She hath snatched Immortality's vest,
And mantled her spirit in light!
Eternity's harp in her hands,
The ministering angels have crowned her;
By the throne-blaze of Godhead she stands,
With a halo of glory around her!

She hath grappled and triumphed o'er death,
And rushed through his caverns of gloom;
She hath drawn the unquenchable breath
That defies e'en the thunders of doom!
She hath stretched forth her gossamer wings
O'er the azure of boundless repose,
And drunk of the nectarine springs
Where the river of Paradise flows.

Then weep not, though thus she hath fled
In the blossom of beauty and prime,
The flower is transplanted, not dead,
The sunshine of heaven is her clime!
'Twere cruel to pray for her back,
Since her glorified soul is at rest;
Then weep not, but follow her track,
She is gone to the land of the blest!

London.

No city in Christendom announces itself so far, or sends to such a distance the decided intimations of its extent and power. Twenty miles before its pinacles and spires are visible, the black cloud of smoke and vapor that hangs over it, as a perpetual canopy, is seen to swell up in the horizon, like the dark forms of sea, which sometimes announce the approach of a vast continent. Almost as far off, an increase in the amount of passengers is perceptible. Stage coaches of all sizes and forms crowded with passengers on their tops, that make them seem instinct with life, hurry by in succession, and the post chaises and equipages multiply to such numbers, that one accustomed to calculate the wide influence

of so great a city, can hardly persuade himself that he is not already approaching its suburbs. Some miles however, before he is so near as this, the numbers of every thing moving begin to look like crowds, and soon afterwards the crowds fall into an almost incessant and uninterrupted stream. In the mean time the roads and streets are growing wide, and the shops more frequent, rich and showy, the villages disappear or rather become considerable towns; and the towns are gradually changed into a continued succession of suburbs, through the midst of which the astonished stranger hastens forward; until driven perpetually on by the unbroken torrent, he finds himself borne, at last into the endless multitudes of the metropolis itself.

North American Review.

From the *Cincinnati Mirror*.

On seeing my Image Reflected in a Lady's Eyes.

Sweet lady, in thy sparkling eyes,
My miniature I see,
Reflected, pure as azure skies,
By their own brilliancy

And is it thus—myself I find—
Myself I now behold?—
I'd sooner have it thus enshrined,
Than set in jewelled gold.

Diamonds, on princess' heads that shine,
In glittering diadems,
May envy well this place of mine
In these more brilliant gems.

Flowers that deck earth's sunlit breast,
And sweet perfumes distil,
Bloom on—upon your twig still rest,
My place you must not fill.

Ye shining stars, that twinkling peep
Through gloomy shades of night,
Shine on—your silent vigils keep,
And envy not the sight.

A.
Greensburg, Ky., June 11, 1833.

A Meditation among the Books.

From every thing in nature a wise man may derive matter of meditation. In meditations various authors have exercised their genius, or tortured their fancy. An author who meant to be serious, has meditated on "the mystery of weaving;" an author who never meant to be serious, has meditated on a "broomstick;" let me also meditate; and a library of books shall be the subject of my meditations.

Before my eyes an almost innumerable multitude of authors are ranged; different in their opinions, as in their bulk and appearance; in what light shall I view this great assembly? Shall I consider it as an ancient legion, drawn out in goodly array under fit commanders? or as a modern regiment of writers, where the common men have been forced by want, or seduced through wickedness into the service, and where the leaders owe their advancement rather to caprice, party-favour, and the partiality of friends, then to merit or service?

Shall I consider ye, O ye books! as a herd of courtiers who profess to be subserv-

ient to my use, and yet seek only your own dvantage? No; let me consider this room as the great charnel house of human reason, where darkness and corruption dwell; or, as a certain poet expresses himself,

Where hot and cold, and wet and dry,
And beef, and broth, and apple pie,
Most slovenly assemble.

Who are they, whose unadorned raiment bespeaks their inward simplicity? They are "law books, statutes, and commentaries on statutes." These are acts of parliament, which all men must obey, and yet few only can purchase. Like the Sphinx of antiquity, they speak in enigmas, and yet devour the unhappy wretches who comprehend them not.

These are commentaries on statutes; for the perusing of them, the longest life of man would prove insufficient; for the understanding of them, the utmost ingenuity of man would not avail.

Cruel is the dilemma between the necessity and the impossibility of understanding; yet are we not left utterly destitute of relief. Behold for our comfort, an Abridgment of Law and Equity! It consists not of many volumes! It extends only to twenty-two folios; yet as a few thin cakes may contain the whole nutritive substance of a stalled ox, so may this compendium contain the essential gravy of many a report and adjudged case.

The sages of the law recommend this abridgment to our perusal. Let us with all thankfulness of heart receive their counsel. Much are we beholden to physicians, who only prescribe the bark of the quinquina, when they might oblige their patient to swallow the whole tree.

From these volumes I turn my eyes on a deep embodied phalanx, numerous and formidable: they are controversial divines: so has the world agreed to term them. How arbitrary is language! and how does the custom of mankind join words, that reason has put asunder! Thus we often hear the phrase "devilish handsome," and the like: and thus controversial and divine have been associated.

These controversial divines have changed the rule of life into a standard of disputation. They have employed the temple of the Most High as a fencing-school, where gymnastic exercises are daily exhibited, and where victory serves only to excite new contests. Slighting the bulwarks wherewith he who bestowed religion on mankind had secured it, they have encompassed it with various minute outworks, which an army of warriors can with difficulty defend.

The next in order to them are the redoubtable antagonists of common sense; the gentlemen who close up the common highway to heaven, and yet open no private road for persons having occasion to travel that way. The writers of this tribe are various, but in principles and manners nothing dissimilar. Let me review them as they stand arranged. These are Epicure-

an orators, who have endeavored to confound the ideas of right and wrong, to the unspeakable comfort of highwaymen and stock-jobbers. These are inquirers after truth, who never deign to employ the aid of knowledge in their researches. These are sceptics, who labor earnestly to argue themselves out of their own existence; herein resembling that choice spirit, who endeavored so artfully to pick his own pocket, as not to be detected by himself. Last of all, are the composers of rhapsodies, fragments, and (strange to say it) thoughts.

Amidst this army of anti-martyrs, I discern a volume of peculiar appearance: its meagre aspect, and the dirty gaudiness of its habit, make it bear a perfect resemblance of a decayed gentleman. This wretched monument of mortality was brought forth in the reign of Charles the second; it was the darling and only child of a man of quality. How did its parent exult at its birth! How many flatterers extolled it beyond their own offspring, and urged its credulous father to display its excellencies to the whole world! Induced by their solicitations, the father arrayed his child in scarlet and gold, submitted it to the public eye, and called it, "Poems by a Person of Honor." While he lived, his booby offspring was treated with the cold respect due to the rank and fortune of its parent: but when death had locked up his kitchen, and carried off the keys of his cellar, the poor child was abandoned to the parish; it was kicked from stall to stall, like a despised prostitute; and after various calamities, was rescued out of the hands of a vender of Scot's snuff, and safely placed as a pensioner in the band of free thinkers.

Thou first, thou greatest vice of the human mind, Ambition! all these authors were originally thy votaries! They promised to themselves a fame more durable than the calf-skin that covered their works: the calf-skin (as the dealer speaks) is in excellent condition, while the books themselves remain the prey of that silent critic the worm.

Complete cooks and conveyances; bodies of school divinity and Tom Thumb; little story-books, systems of philosophy, and apologies for the lives of players and prime ministers, are all consigned to one common oblivion.

One book indeed there is, which pretends to a little reputation, and by a strange felicity obtains whatever it demands. To be useful for some months only is the whole of its ambition; and though every day that passes confessedly diminishes its utility, yet it is sought for and purchased by all: such is the deserved and unenvied character of that excellent treatise of practical astronomy, the Almanack.

"What did Mr — die of," asked a simple neighbor. "Of a complication of disorders," replied his friend. "How do you describe that complication, my good sir?" "He died," rejoined the other, "of two physicians, an apothecary, and a surgeon."

The Tablet.

To our Patrons.

More than three months having elapsed since we commenced our editorial labors, we have a word or two to say to those who have favored us with their patronage, or have otherwise assisted in the undertaking. The principal design of the Tablet has ever been to furnish the community, and especially the younger portions of it, in this vicinity, a miscellaneous periodical, on such terms as to render it accessible to all whose taste would incline them to peruse it. To how great an extent the effort has been appreciated may be learnt from the fact that it has existed for more than a year, and has received the favorable notice, not only of individuals but of many contemporary prints; but notwithstanding which, its patronage has never been sufficient to insure its permanence and stability; and more than once has its discontinuance been contemplated. But believing it to be a source of some gratification to its readers we are induced to exert ourselves still more strenuously to sustain it, and shall leave no means in our power to extend its circulation and usefulness untried. And we would earnestly request all our present subscribers to make an effort in its behalf. Is it not practicable for each subscriber, with but a little exertion, to procure an additional one? We believe it is—many might do more. In some of our most flourishing villages, one copy only is taken; cannot that one subscriber act as agent and procure a dozen? In many instances, we are confident that might be the case, and we trust that such of our patrons as wish for our success, will thus exert themselves for us, and then, we doubt not, we shall be sustained in our labors.

Those who have not paid for the present volume, are probably aware that our terms are in advance, and that we like punctuality.

Almost every county in Kentucky (says the Maysville Eagle,) is experiencing, to a greater or less extent, the ravages of the pestilence. Many sections of country, and some of the most elevated and healthy situations, have lost a greater proportion of the population than have the towns and villages. In the Green River County, the disease is represented to be rapidly spreading, and carrying desolation in its course.

DISTRESSING CASE.—Saturday's report of the season 'down east,' is confirmed to day by a letter from Thomastown, Me., in which the writer says: It has rained almost incessantly for six weeks. I am afraid we shall not raise a single radish,—that troubles me very much.—*Boston Mer. Jour.*

The editor of "We the People," has put forth an ingenious dissertation on *the comforts of ugliness*. One of his "comforts" is founded on the frugality of beauty—the argument seems to be, that elegance and beauty are flowers that quickly fade, while ugliness endures forever. This is immortality with a vengeance.

When First I met Thee.

When first I met thee, warm and young,
There shone much truth about thee,
And on thy lip such promise hung,
I did not dare to doubt thee.
I saw the change, yet still relied,
Still clung with hope the fonder,
And thought, tho' false to all beside,
From me thou couldst not wander.
But go, deceiver go,
The heart whose hopes could make it
Trust one so false, so low,
Deserves that thou shouldst break it.

When every tongue thy follies named,
I fled the unwelcome story,
Or found in e'en the faults they blam'd,
Some gleam of future glory.
I still was true when nearer friends,
Conspired to wrong, to slight thee,
The heart that now thy falsehood rends,
Would then have bled to right thee.
But go, deceiver go,
Some day perhaps thou'l waken
From pleasure's dream, to know
The grief of hearts forsaken.

E'en now, tho' youth its bloom has shed,
No lights of age adorn thee,
The few who loved thee once, have fled,
And they who flatter, scorn thee.
Thy midnight cup is pledg'd to slaves,
No genial ties enwreath it,
The smiling there like light on graves,
Has rank cold hearts beneath it;
Go—go—tho' worlds were thine,
I would not now surrender
One taintless tear of mine,
For all thy guilty splendor.

And days may come, thou false one, yet,
When e'en, those ties shall sever,
When thou wilt call, with vain regret,
On her thou'st lost forever;
On her who in thy fortune's fall,
With smiles had still received thee,
And gladly did to prove the all
Her fancy first believed thee.
Go—go—tis vain to curse
Tis weakness to upbraid thee,
Hate cannot make thee worse,
Than guilt and shame have made thee.

The Lantern.

It is prehaps, not generally known that we are indebted to Alfred the Great for the invention of that useful article the lantern. In the life of Alfred, by Asserius, we have the following account.

Before the invention of clocks, Alfred caused six tapers to be made for his daily use: each taper containing twelve penny-weights of wax, was twelve inches long, and of proportionate breadth. The whole length was divided into twelve parts, of which three would burn for one hour, so that each taper will be consumed in four hours; and the six tapers being lighted one after another, lasted twenty-four hours.— But the wind blowing through the chinks of the walls of the chapel, or through the cloth of his tent, in which they were burning, wasted these tapers, and consequently they burnt with no regularity, he therefore designed a lantern, made of ox or cow horn, cut into thin plates, in which he inclosed the tapers, and thus protecting them from the wind, the period of their burning became a matter of comparative certainty.

Anecdotes of Blind Persons.

A French lady, who lost her sight at two years old, was possessed of many talents which alleviated her misfortune. 'In writing to her,' is it said, 'no ink is used, but the letters are pricked down on the paper; and, by the delicacy of her touch, feeling each letter, she follows them successively, and reads every word with her fingers' end. She herself in writing makes use of a pencil, as she could not know when her pen was dry; her guide on the paper is a small tin ruler, and of the breadth of her writing. On finishing a letter she wets it, so as to fix the traces of her pencil that they are not obscured or effaced; then proceeds to fold and seal it, and write the direction, all by her own address, and without the assistance of any other person. Her writing is very straight, well cut, and the spelling no less correct. To reach this singular mechanism, the indefatigable cares of her affectionate mother were long employed, who, accustoming her daughter to feel letters cut in cards of pasteboard, brought her to distinguish an A from a B, and thus the whole alphabet, and afterwards to spell words; then by the remembrance of the shape of the letters, to delineate them on paper; and lastly to arrange them so as to form words and sentences. She sews and hemms perfectly well, and in all her works she threads the needle for herself, however small.'

We have a remarkable instance in John Metcalf, of Manchester, who very lately followed the occupation of conducting strangers through intricate roads during the night, or when the tracks were covered with snow. And strange as this may appear to those who can see, the employment of this man was afterwards that of a projector and surveyor of highways in difficult and mountainous parts! With the assistance only of a long staff, he has been several times seen traversing the roads, ascending precipices, exploring valleys, and investigating their several extents, forms and situations, so as to answer his designs in the best manner. Most of the roads over the Peak in Derbyshire have been altered by his directions, particularly in the vicinity of Buxton; and he has since constructed a new one between Winslow and Congleton, with a view to open a communication to the great London road, without being obliged to pass over the mountains.

ANECDOTE.—A wealthy ship owner of the Quaker persuasion was once busily employed in his counting room, when a sailor, who had for some time sailed in his employ, entered, and approaching the desk, made a bow and said. "Friend B—, wilt thou be so good as to settle with me?" The merchant turned to the intruder, and replied, "I wish John that thou wouldst assume thy unusual manner of address when thou speakest to me. If thou wert addressing one of thy companions, thou wouldst use the plain language to him. I wish thee

in addressing me, to use thy common style of speaking; and not think to flatter or wheedle me by assuming the friendly dialect.— Use the same language to me that thou wouldst use when speaking to one of thy associates." "That I can do," answered the tar, as he took a fresh quid of tobacco, "so here goes: Hang you, my old boy, shell out your change in less than two shakes of a lobster's liver!"

Mr. Lucius Knapp, of the town of Austerlitz, has a team of dogs with which he is in the habit of riding out daily. The dogs are but about fourteen months old, and last December, when the roads were bad, they traveled from the residence of Mr. K. (who is a cripple) to Winchester, Conn., a distance of *sixty miles* in one day, drawing him in a small wagon which he has for that purpose. He returned by the same novel conveyance, in the same space of time.—*Kinderhook Col. Sen.*

PLEASURE. "Pleasure is to woman what the sun is to the flower; if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes, and if immoderately, it withers, desolates, and destroys. But the duties of domestic life, exercised as they must be in retirement, and calling forth all the sensibilities of the female, are perhaps as necessary to the full developement of her charms, as the shade and the shower are to the rose, confirming its beauty and increasing its fragrance."

Married.

In this city, on the 11th inst., by the Rev. Wm. Thatcher. Mr. Peter Arbuckle, of New York, to Miss Jerusha Holecomb, of Granby, (Ct.)

In Guilford, Mr. Julius Evarts, to Miss Eme-line Wright, of North Killingworth.

In Oxford, by Rev. Ashbel Baldwin, Mr. Charles Prout to Miss Emily Dewey, both of N. Haven.

Died.

In this city, on the 16th inst., William H., son of John H. and Matilda Coley, aged 14 months.

Drowned in the Canal basin in this city, on the 9th inst., Herbert Drakeley aged 17, son of the late Mr. Wm. Drakeley, of Woodbury.

In Middletown, Mrs. Mary Ann, aged 25, wife of Professor Jacob F. Huber, of the Wesleyan University.

In Middletown, on the 7th inst., Mrs. Catharine Theressa, aged 24, wife of Lieut. Charles H. Jackson, of the U. S. Navy, and daughter of the late Thomas Sheldon, Esq.

At Mohegan, Conn. George Pegee Uncas, believed to be the last descendant of the royal race in that tribe.

THE LITERARY TABLET

Is published every other Saturday, at the Office of WHITMORE & BUCKINGHAM, No. 1, Marble Block, Chapel St. New Haven, Ct., by

G. M. BUCKINGHAM.

TERMS.—The TABLET will be published semi-monthly, at \$1 00 a year in advance; or \$1 50, at the end of three months. Mail subscribers will in all cases be required to pay in advance. A discount of 20 per cent. will be made to persons who procure six or more subscribers.

Persons sending letters or communications by mail, must pay the postage thereon.

PRESS OF WHITMORE & BUCKINGHAM.